

proached a little group of officers who were chatting animatedly together, and among them found several whom we knew.

"What's the truth about this big show the Canadians are in at the front?" one cried. "There are all sorts of rumours in England. Some say eight hundred casualties; some say eight *thousand*."

"I'm afraid eight thousand is nearer the mark," I replied hesitatingly, fearing to discourage them.

"Eight thousand!" he echoed; and then an eager cry went up from the little group:

"By Jove! Hope they'll hurry us on to the front!"

And I was afraid of discouraging them! How little I understood my own countrymen!

"All aboard!" came the call a moment later, and the enthusiastic Tommies eagerly clambered into the waiting coaches. As the train clank-clanked along the street and left us standing there alone in the darkness, back to our ears came the familiar but ribald strain of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"

No matter in what strange words it may find